

Suburbia: Life In Rows

Gridlocked lanes
Seeping over the horizon
In a chrome-colored crawl
Towards so-called “freedom”
In neat little rows.
Immaculate lawns
Pristine pools
Picket fences, the perfect hue
Of eggshell.
Spend the day staying in line,
Waiting in line,
Walking the line.
Stay between the lines,
To reach the rows
Of Suburbia.